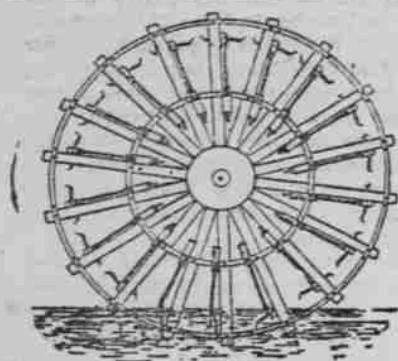


REMARKABLE PADDLE WHEEL.

New Device Feathers the Water Like an Oarsman's Blade.

An automatic feathering wheel for a paddle-driven steamboat has been invented and perfected by W. N. Cruchon of Seattle, who has patented the invention. The new wheel has an automatic tilting contrivance, so that the buckets enter and leave the water without depressing or lifting it in the operation. The new buckets are shaped corresponding to a spoon oar, which enables them to exert a greater force in propelling the vessel. By means of lateral wings on the outer edge they are able to enter the water with the least resistance, and held by a stop pin while the pressure is exert-



NEW PADDLE WHEEL.

ed, when an automatic spring releases them and they assume their former inoperative position.

The concave form of the bucket creates greater pressure against the water. The position of the buckets while out of the water and moving concentric with the wheel shaft edgewise through the air diminishes air resistance. The manner in which the buckets enter the water edgewise avoids the loss of power involved in the downward pressure of the water. The automatic tilting of the buckets leaving the water throws off the back wash and eliminates dead weight. All jar or concussion from the buckets entering and leaving the water is avoided. In starting the wheel without a load the buckets are only thrown into working position by its movement either forward or back.—Seattle Times.



There are families who reserve all their unpleasantness for meal hours; they think it a convenient occasion to discuss things that have gone awry, to thrash out grievances, to dwell on disagreeable or gloomy subjects. If they but knew it they are courting dyspepsia more surely than if they indulged in mince pie or terrapin. Haven't you gone to the table ravenous with hunger to find your appetite leave you in the face of a family quarrel? Who has not felt their food heavy after a meal hour of ructions? Yet how few blame it on its real cause, which is the interruption of digestion by mental agitation. The meal hour should be the pleasantest hour in the day. It should be looked forward to rather than dreaded; and it will be if parents insist on each one being agreeable. Contribute to the family good cheer and dyspepsia will vanish.

Cheer during meals will do away with the need of digestive tablets. Make it a rule to come to the table smiling, and continue to smile, though the food does not suit you and every one else's down on her luck. Your smile will prove contagious.

Good manners are desirable, but not so desirable as good health. If your child can only learn to eat well through constant nagging at meal time, better let it slip up in its table manners. Many children refuse to eat at table because their hunger is driven away by reproof. A mother once complained to her doctor that her small son had no appetite; no matter how tempting the food, he could not eat it, though he seemed hungry between meals. The physician asked to be invited to lunch, which the child ate with the family.

At the close of the meal he said: "It is not your boy's digestion that is at fault, but his mother. Let that boy's manners alone. Stop your incessant, 'Willie, your elbows,' 'Do not smack your lips.' If you think he will not shine as a gentleman without such coaching take fifteen minutes midway between meals for lessons in table breeding, but stop your nagging while he eats if you would not have a chronic dyspeptic."

Watch your table talk, keep it pleasant at any cost, learn to digest your food with laughter and light dyspepsia with cheerfulness, and not only will your home life be happier, but you will forget that weak stomach.

A woman forgets all her troubles when she is wearing a new hat for the first time.

SPRINGTIME.

Lo! already a fern new born
Curls in the hedgerow his mimic horn,
And the primrose hourly edges aside
The leafy driftage of wintertide;
Far in the vale, where the woods are still,
Stands a delicate daffodil;
Hasting brooks in the prime of the year
Murmur merrily—April's here,
With gentle rains and westerly vanes,
Buttercup buds and daisy chains.

Between moist meadow and sunlit sky
The sad-voiced plover is circling high;
Sudden and loud through larch and fir
Rings the laugh of the woodpecker;
And the wagtail flirts his plumage plied
In snatches of flight by the waterside;
Garden voices that late were dumb
Whistle and warble—a time will come
For shade of leaves and pillage of
sheaves
And swallows a-twitter in last year's
eaves.

Lo! she comes, in the old sweet ways,
The happy April of other days,
Maiden April, merry of mien,
Trips afield in the meadow green;
Sick or sound, or sorry or glad,
Utter it, echo it, lass and lad,
Lad and lass in the youth of the year
Echo it, utter it—April's here;
Then comes May, pleasure and play,
Holiday-dance and roundelay.
—Armine Thomas Kent.

Was It a Miracle?

"Stranger, do you believe in miracles?" I looked up from my newspaper, the columns of which I had been listlessly scanning and encountered the gaze of the speaker. I saw before me a man about 40 years of age. He had a bluff, open face and his hair was streaked with gray. He wore the regulation uniform of the railway, and I recognized in him the ticket agent, telegraph operator, et cetera, of the station in which I was waiting for my train.

I had finished my business in the town some two miles away, and, as I had nothing to do until the train arrived, I was not at all averse to chatting with him.

"That depends entirely upon what you consider a miracle," I replied, throwing aside my paper.

"I don't know that I can exactly explain what I mean, but I believe that the event I am thinking of might be called one."

Of course I expressed a desire to know what he referred to, imagining that he had a story to relate to me. "Well," he remarked by way of an introduction, "it isn't often I tell this story, but to-night I feel just like it. Perhaps the fact that the events occurred exactly seven years ago may account for the inclination."

"It was just such a day as this; the air was cold enough to make a fire seem comfortable, while at the same time it was not at all disagreeable out of doors."

"At that time I was employed at the same job I am now. There was of course less work to do in those days; this region has rapidly increased in population during the last few years."

"But this does not interest you; so I will fire up and start on my run with a full head of steam."

"Six miles west of here lies the town of Barton; ten miles to the east, Dawson. This is the only station between the two."

"It was exactly this time of day, half past five, when my sounder commenced clicking away at my call. For some reason I did not respond at once; when I did, I received the following startling message:

"Wild engine headed your way—Old Tartar. Ditch her."

"The message was from the operator at Barton, and in plain English meant that the engine known as the Old Tartar had by some means or other started off without any one on board, and was headed in this direction. To ditch an engine is to open a switch, thus allowing it to run on to a siding where it at last leaves the track and probably goes over on its side. Of course the engine is badly smashed if not completely ruined, but it is the only safe course to adopt."

"There was but one siding suitable for the purpose, the others having more or less cars on them. The switch was about a hundred yards down the track in the direction of Barton."

"It was evident to me that the Old Tartar must have passed Barton when they commenced calling me, and as wild engines generally travel pretty fast, I foresaw that I had not any too much time in which to carry out my instructions."

"I will mention one more fact; an accommodation train was due from the East inside of half an hour."

"You may believe I did not lose much time in leaving the depot and heading for the switch. I had not taken half a dozen steps when I heard a dull roar of but momentary duration. That told me as well as words could that the Old Tartar had crossed Mud River bridge, less than quarter of a mile away."

"I can get over the ground at a fair

THE SACRED COW OF INDIA.



Scene in a Calcutta Street Where the Cow Is Permitted to Rest.

To the Hindus, who make up the great bulk of the population of India, the cow is a sacred animal, and many of the disturbances which break out between the Hindus and Mohammedans are due to the fact that the latter utterly disregard this Hindu reverence for the animal. Recently in Calcutta the police authorities, out of deference to this sentiment of the Hindus, issued orders forbidding Mohammedans sacrificing cows. As a result, fierce rioting occurred and much difficulty was experienced in restoring order. The Hindus and Mohammedans are always at variance, and were it not for the strong arm of British authority, the former, who are submissive and peacefully inclined, when their religious sentiments are not interfered with, would be slaughtered by the latter.

The Hindu reverence for the cow often leads to peculiar situations. Wherever the cow chooses to rest it is permitted by the Hindus to stay, for they would never think of disturbing it. Our illustration, taken from the Illustrated London News, shows a cow at rest in one of the streets of Calcutta. The pious Hindu would never think of compelling it to find another resting place, even if it blocked traffic a whole day.

rate of speed when necessary, and I considered that one of the occasions. I had traveled considerably more than half of the distance when, glancing up, I saw the Old Tartar shoot around the curve at the top of the grade which ends at this station. It was a race between myself and that engine, with the switch as the objective point.

"Apparently I was sure of winning, but I realized that I had no time to spare."

"I had nearly reached the switch when I stumbled and fell. Not more than five seconds were lost, yet I failed. I was in the act of scrambling to my feet when the Old Tartar rushed past me like a whirlwind. I realized that I had missed her, but I did not bemoan my luck. There was not time for that, as the operator at Dawson must be warned immediately."

"I rushed back to the station and called him up. He responded immediately, and I forwarded to him the message I had received but a moment before. Back came the reply:

"Too late; the accommodation left five minutes ago."

"Perhaps you can imagine what my feelings were when I received that answer! A collision which would surely result in the loss of life seemed inevitable; nothing short of a miracle could avert it. I blamed myself for the whole thing. If I had answered the call immediately, I should have succeeded in ditching the Old Tartar. I seemed to be standing on the verge of a precipice over which I feared every moment to fall. I only came to myself when I heard a rumble, and, looking down the track toward Dawson, saw the headlight of an engine. A moment afterward the accommodation pulled up at the station."

"I lost no time in approaching the conductor for the purpose of learning how the collision had been averted. To my surprise, he had no knowledge of the Old Tartar's being 'wild.' He considered me a fit subject for an insane asylum, and did not hesitate to tell me so. I even began to doubt my own sanity."

"A message of inquiry was forwarded to Barton, and the following reply received:

"Hines was ordered to ditch the Old Tartar. Did he do it?"

"Not one of us could offer any explanation until suddenly the conductor exclaimed:

"She must have jumped the track!"

"Such proved to be the case. The Old Tartar was found at the foot of an embankment about a mile and a half east of this station. Near by were found several ties, most of them pretty well smashed up."

"You doubtless wonder how this extraordinary thing happened. It was explained about a year later by Pete

Scully, a member of a notorious gang of outlaws who had infested this region. It seems that they had planned to 'hold up' the accommodation train. They had lanterns, et cetera, with which to signal the train; but fearful that the engineer would recognize them, they placed several ties on the track, so that if he failed to heed the signal his train would be derailed."

"They had just finished operations when the Old Tartar appeared on the scene. She knocked the ties a-flying, but they did their work, for she jumped the track and rolled down the embankment. Fifteen minutes later the accommodation passed that very spot unmolested. The gang had decided that under the circumstances it would be best not to 'hold up' a train."

"That was the Old Tartar's last run. And now, stranger, that you have heard the story, I want you to answer the question: Was it a miracle?"—Waverley Magazine.

Young Man Could Talk.

It isn't always safe to trust appearances, as two young women learned to their chagrin on a trolley trip, says the Boston Herald.

Two other young women with a man between them were seated on the opposite side of the car. They were a silent three; the young women and the man, but they talked excitedly—with their fingers. Deaf mutes, evidently, the other young women thought, and after they had got a little used to the novelty they began to talk out loud about the young man and his companions.

"Isn't it a pity," said one, "that such a nice young man should be deaf and dumb?"

The other agreed audibly, and the talk went on. As is the way with the sex, there was little commiseration for the young women afflicted as the young man was.

The young man got his revenge for himself and his friends. Arriving at the point where he wished to debark, he raised his hand to the conductor and said in a loud voice:

"Stop at — street, please."

The young women who trusted to appearance looked mighty sheepish as the three left the car. The young man wasn't deaf and dumb at all. His companions were, and he was simply talking to them in their own language, which he knew.

Incense.

When you these days into the fire of Spring
Your winter garment of repentance fling,
Unless you long your neighbors to abuse
Do not include your winter overshoes.
—Boston Traveler.

When it comes to doing practical housework a carpenter may have his wife beaten to a frazzle.



Roasted Venison.

Put the meat well with salt and pepper, and lay in a double baking pan and add one quart of water. Let it cook until it is tender, about two and one-half or three hours. Make a dressing of bread crumbs, salt and pepper, and put around the meat. Sprinkle bread crumbs thickly over the top with lumps of butter and a little pepper. Bake often and cook until it is a nice brown. Thicken the gravy with flour and serve in a gravy boat. Serve with currant jelly.

Ham Cutlets.

One pound of boiled ham, one large onion, one large potato, boiled, one sweet green pepper, two well-beaten eggs, salt and pepper to taste. Mince all together fine, then add eggs. Mold with hands to fold small hams. Insert small piece uncooked macaroni in small end to form ham bone. Flour well and fry golden brown. Serve with cream sauce, sprinkled with minced parsley.

Tapoca Pudding.

One-half cup of pearl tapoca, 1 cup of granulated sugar and 2 quarts of milk (skimmed milk will do), add grated nutmeg or vanilla to taste. Put all together in a baking pan in the oven. Cook slowly three or four hours, stirring frequently. Let it brown nicely before taking from the oven. This is even more delicious than the rice pudding made the same way.

Cleaning Tea Kettle.

Fill the kettle with vinegar and bring slowly to the boil. Leave on the fire for an hour. Then, while it is still hot, break away the incrustation with a flat stick or paddle. To guard against a reformation of the lime, keep an oyster shell in the kettle, changing from time to time for a fresh. The lime will gather on the shell.

Don't Guess.

Most culinary failures come from the habit of guessing. Weigh everything that is to be weighed and measure carefully all other ingredients. Do this even if you have made the article repeatedly and you will be spared unpleasant surprises in spoiled dishes at important moments.

To Clean Globes.

When the globes from a chandelier have become dirty with smoke, they should be soaked in warm soda water about twenty minutes. Then add a few drops of ammonia and wash the globes well with a soaped flannel, rinse in clean cold water, dry with a soft linen cloth.

Tara's Nectar.

One pint of unfermented juice of white grapes, diluted and slightly sweetened; juice of two oranges, half a cup of pale green malagasy, seeded and halved; mix and chill. Serve in tall glasses with green ribbon tied in dainty bows around the stems.

Cool Box for Pantry.

My pantry window is 16 inches wide. I got a box the size of the lower sash and a foot deep; put two shelves in it and nailed to the outside of the window. Now by raising the window I have a cool place to put my butter, eggs and milk.

Tender Round Steak.

To fry round steak and make it tender cut each piece the desired size, pound it a little, then dip each piece in a beaten egg, then in rolled cracker crumbs. Fry until brown on both sides; season after removing from frying pan.

Stock from Leftovers.

Stocks for soups may be made by saving all the bones and tough pieces from roasts and boiling meats. Put them in a kettle, cover with cold water, let boil, skim and set back to simmer for several hours.

Cabbage Salad.

One small head of cabbage, one stalk of celery, four apples. Cut all up fine and over them pour a cream mayonnaise dressing. Serve on a lettuce leaf and on the top of each lay a choice piece of celery and two radishes.

Boiling Eggs.

Eggs covered with boiling water and allowed to stand for five minutes are more nourishing and easier digested than eggs placed in boiling water and allowed to boil furiously for three and a half minutes.

Short Suggestions.

Apples cored for baking are delicious filled with orange marmalade and a little butter and sugar.

When beating eggs observe that there is no grease on the whisk, as it will prevent the eggs from frothing.

One or two tablespoonfuls of ammonia to a pail of water will clean windows better than anything else.